

# THE ALBUQUERQUE CITIZEN

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## DESERTS BLOOM

Another man, one Baron De Forest, has come to the front with a scheme of founding an empire in the Desert of Sahara. This appears absurd, but the day may come when, by irrigation, the great waste will become a land of fertile farms. The work of reclamation of arid and drouth stricken lands by irrigation is yet in its infancy, and the generations to come will undoubtedly see the task of making fertile fields of sun-blasted soil one of such magnitude that the present efforts will pale into insignificance.

Through the use of storage reservoirs, large canals or wells, pumping or flowing, millions of acres of land in the United States have already been reclaimed. Vast projects for reclaiming the wastes in the far northwest are now under way. Rivers are being diverted from their aged-old channels, tunnels are being driven through mountains in order that the waters formed by melting snows may serve the purpose of man, while the guiding hand of the engineer is leading trickling streams across cactus-dotted plains and the sage brush and mesquite are retreating before the steady advance; fruits and flowers make the desert blossom and cereals and grasses encourage the husbandman in his effort to found a home in the once-desert places.

Up in the Big Horn country, in the northwest, millions of dollars are being spent in chiseling and blasting a mountain of granite away, that a snow-fed stream may be diverted to the valleys where only water is needed to bring thousands of hardy settlers there eager to build homes of their own. The waters that flow eastward from the Rockies are fertilizing the arid land in eastern Colorado and western Kansas. California, Idaho, Montana, New Mexico, Arizona, Texas—in fact all of the western states and territories are reclaiming desert land through irrigation. So why should the scheme of Baron De Forest seem so absurd?

If the United States can reclaim 5,410,000 acres of land, and is still wrestling the desert from the sun and the sand, why may not this dreamer, sage or prophet devise a plan for diverting the waters of the River Niger, the Senegal and the snow-fed streams that flow from the Tummoo mountains and wrest from the desert its terror of sandy stretches? Why may he not utilize the waste waters of Africa plains, just as we of America are beginning to realize the benefits of irrigation, and reap a reward that comes to intelligence and industry when they labor side by side?

If Baron De Forest can found an empire in Sahara by reclaiming that great desert, he will be enrolled among the world's greatest benefactors, and applause for his act will resound throughout the civilized world. His project cannot be dismissed with the cynic's sneer that he does not believe it can be done. There are too many monuments along the highway of human progress that stand as monuments of imperishable record to the success of the men who had faith and who worked and wrought and brought the world to their feet when they had achieved.

## JAPAN BOOMING

Every commercial artery is throbbing. After the peace treaty Japanese bonds rose 2 per cent at once in London.

Japan bought 10,000,000 more yards of cotton cloth in August than she did the corresponding month of the year before.

Since last April Japan has bought in the United States \$30,000,000 worth of railroad equipment.

Japan now uses more steam turbines with electric generators than any other country, except England, Germany, the United States and France.

Warships and merchant vessels captured in the war by Japan are equivalent to an indemnity of \$40,000,000 or \$50,000,000.

The Oriental Steamship Company (Japanese) is starting a line between Hongkong and Chile to get South American trade.

The same steamship company is building two 12,000-ton vessels for its line between Hongkong and San Francisco.

Many new merchant vessels are building at Nagasaki. The Japan Railway company is to spend \$500,000 for three steamers to ply between its northern terminus at Aomori and Hakodate.

It cost \$45,000 to furnish new books to the school children of Cleveland, at the opening of the present term of school. This money went into the pockets of the school book ring, one of the meanest and strongest monopolies in this country, says an exchange. That may be true, but it is not clear just yet how this evil of a school book trust can be abated. However, there is another evil, in this connection, which can and should be extirpated. It is the frequent change in books used in the same school. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are thereby transferred from the pockets of parents to the coffers of the school book trust companies. No book should be adopted by a school board, which is not sufficiently up to date, in its own department, to be good for ten years; and having once been adopted, there should be no change in ten years. Then the younger children of a family may use the books bought, at high price, for their elder brothers and sisters. This frequency of change is a growing and grievous evil in many places.

The Morning Journal of yesterday said: "There is also a general feeling throughout the territory, among men of all parties, that Mr. Rodey did not receive a square deal, last summer, when the politicians snatched him out of a re-nomination." It has often been said that an open confession is good for the soul; but it must be acknowledged that seldom mean an instance be reached of a paper so thoroughly eating its own words and repudiating its own acts. The Journal thoroughly approved, at the time, of what was done, if, indeed, it did not claim considerable credit for it. The lacunae of the Journal have long since worn out the adage about the Jew.

The bonus necessary to secure a beet sugar factory for Phoenix, Ariz., has been raised and has been approved and accepted by Lafayette Meyers, the representative of Theodore Hagler, the contractor, who will undertake to finish the work begun by the Eastern Sugar company, near Glendale, a few years ago. The amount of the bonus is \$36,000, most of it consisting of money, and the rest of it is good land at a fair market price. When Albuquerque awakens to the importance of having a beet sugar factory here, it can be had, and a creamery will naturally and necessarily follow in its wake.

The lid is welded down in Chicago. The closing of twenty-five saloons catering to women and a warning given to one hundred others has driven more than 2,000 women from Chicago this week. No woman is allowed to go into a room where drinks are sold without an escort. Although fifty saloon licenses have been revoked within a few weeks, Gambling has been suppressed and the one o'clock ordinance is strictly enforced. Music is not allowed in saloons unless there is a restaurant attached.—Durango Democrat.

When President Schurman of Cornell says of the "disclosures of colossal immorality in the financial world" that the rapid accumulation of wealth in this country in many instances has outgrown the development of common sense he states a plain truth. In this insurance business financiers whose reputation for honesty was half their capital have let their rapacity get the better even of their prudence. Some of them in their great greed seem to have forgotten even that there is a penal code.—New York World.

## GOOD-BYE TO PROUD WORLD FOR I'M GOING HOME

By Ralph Waldo Emerson

Good-bye, proud world, I'm going home,  
Thou art not my friend and I'm not thine,  
Long through thy weary crowds I roam;  
A river-rack on the ocean brine,  
Long I've tossed like the driven foam;  
But now, proud world, I'm going home.

Good-bye to Flattery's fawning face;  
To Grandeur with its wise grimace;  
To upstart Wealth's averted eye;  
To supple Office, low and high;  
To crowded halls, to court and street;  
To frozen hearts, and hasting feet;  
To those who go, and those who come;  
Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home.

I'm going to my own hearthstone,  
Bosomed in yon green hills alone;  
A secret nook in a pleasant land,  
Whose groves the frolic faeries planned,  
Where arches green, the livelong day,  
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,  
And vulgar feet have never trod,  
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

Oh, when I am safe in my sylvan home,  
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;  
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,  
Where the evening star so holy shines,  
I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,  
At the sophist schools, and the learned clan;  
For what are they all, in their high conceit,  
Where man in the bush with God may meet?

## MAN WHO TRULY SHOWED HIS LOVE FOR HIS KIND

Thirty-nine years ago, Dr. T. J. Barnado began mission work in London. He opened a ragged school in an unused stable in a squalid quarter. One night when the school closed, Jim Jarvis, a street arab asked if he might remain all night in the stable. Dr. Barnado asked:

"What would your mother think?"

"Ain't got no mother," was the reply.

"But your father?"

"Ain't got no father."

"Where are your friends? And where do you live?"

"Ain't got no friends. Don't live nowhere."

He asked Jim to show him his sleeping quarters.

Scaling a shed, on the roof, Dr. Barnado found eleven ragged boys of ages varying from 9 to 18 fast asleep in the moonlight, with scarcely a rag of clothing upon them, though a keen frost was in the air.

Upon this very spot he registered a silent vow to devote his life to saving the children of the street.

He was a man who truly loved his kind. Pain and sorrow and suffering touched him and so he gave himself to the redemption of a world that burns in summer and freezes in winter; that sleeps in fetid kennels; that starves; that is face to face with all that duns and brutalizes and makes for crime and ignorance.

It was almost forty years ago when the man who died recently came to the parting of the ways.

One road led to a world where lights blazed and good clothes were worn; where there was enough to eat and the beds were soft and clean. Dr. T. Barnado could have won almost any position in the gift of that world.

And along the other world where half-starved boys and girls with gaunt bodies and weakened faces. There were cripples and crooks by the thousand—nobody's children.

He went to those who needed him most and words are feeble in the face of his unselfish philanthropy.

He stinted neither love nor dollars. His voice aroused England, and a shower of golden guineas fell into his keeping and went to liberate the slaves of the greatest city in the world.

He built homes for waifs. Yes, homes by the score. There are more than one hundred philanthropic institutions devoted to the developing of human beings that stand as monuments to Dr. Barnado's labors.

From a humble beginning has arisen the gigantic organization which enabled Dr. Barnado, as he said, "to feed, clothe, educate, launch in life, and subsequently exercise a fatherly supervision over no fewer than 60,000 unwanted and destitute children."

His might, indeed, he called the largest family in the world, and he well earned the sobriquet so often applied to him as "the father of nobody's children."

Dr. Barnado died in harness. He was the well rounded life, and for such as he it was written:

"Whoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no way lose his reward."

## SOME STORIES WISE AND SOME OTHERWISE

### Wanted More Earthworms.

The consumption of queer foods is by no means confined to savage tribes or half-civilized peoples, says What to Eat. A few years ago the Pall Mall Gazette gravely reported that a group of French gourmets had tested the edible qualities of the common earthworm, and pronounced the creature a valuable addition to the bill of fare. The report read:

"Fifty guests were present at the experiment. The worms, apparently hollowed, were first put into vinegar, by which process they were made to disgorge the famous vegetable mould. They were then rolled in butter and put in the oven, where they acquired a delightful golden tint, and, we are assured, a most appetizing smell. After the first platful the fifty guests rose like one man and asked for more. 'Could anything be more convincing?'"

### A Polite Discharge.

J. R. Young, the new superintendent of the dead letter office, admires politeness. "It is possible," he said recently, "to be polite always. It is possible to be polite even when discharging a drunken coachman. I know that this is so, for I have seen the thing done. A friend of mine found himself obliged to get rid of his coachman for drunkenness. He summoned the man into his presence, and discharged him with this polite speech:

"I fear, Montgomery, that we must part. It has been impossible for me to avoid noticing that several times during the past month you have been—er—sober. Now I don't believe that any man can attend to drinking properly if he has driving to do, and, therefore, at the month's end you will be free to devote yourself exclusively to your chosen occupation."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

### Among the Smarties.

"I say, m'deah, really, I want a serious talk with you," exclaimed Cholly to his young wife.

"What, so soon?" replied the bride with a mocking laugh. And then turning to a handsome, though rejected suitor, she shrugged her dimpled shoulders. "Whenever Charley talks that way, I get positively worried. He is not strong enough to think—seriously."

"I notice that you don't encourage him," replied the cynical suitor. "The wonder to me is that you did not discover this sooner."

"I did, Ferd. But even that is much better than to be bored by too much seriousness."

"Thank you," said Ferd, with a rising inflection.—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

## A REWARD

PENFIELD HAS MADE GOOD WITH STATE DEPARTMENT AND WILL GET DIPLOMATIC JOB.



Washington, D. C., Oct. 14.—Judge William L. Penfield, solicitor for the state department, is slated for a good appointment in the diplomatic service. Judge Penfield has earned the cordial commendation of the late Secretary Hay for the manner in which he has administered his department during the past eight years. He added some to his reputation by representing the United States at the first case tried before The Hague arbitration tribunal, when the Pius fund claim was argued. He is at present on a mission to South America to investigate for the president's own information trade conditions in that continent.

Judge Penfield hails from the northern part of Indiana, where he first came into prominence in the prosecution of a ring of political grafters.

## BEAVER'S S HEMF.

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE IS DETERMINED TO PUSH INDICTMENTS AGAINST HIM.



Washington, D. C., Oct. 14.—Geo. W. Beavers, formerly chief of the salaries and allowances division in the postoffice department, has been trying to make terms with the department of justice by which he might submit to trial on one or two counts, with the understanding that the prosecuting officials quash the other indictments. His overtures have been rejected by the department of justice. The president's orders are explicit that no pains shall be spared to bring to book Beavers, Greene, Gaynor and Benson. The last named has been mixed up in the western land fraud cases, and his punishment seems still remote, as compared with that of the others.

## STILL IN WASHINGTON

MRS. HAYS, WIFE OF THE LATE SECRETARY OF STATE, TO RE-OPEN HER FORMER HOME.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 14.—The residence of the late Sec. of State, John Hay, is to be kept open by Mrs. Hay. Mrs. Hay expects to continue to make her home in Washington, and this winter will probably be visited by her daughter, Mrs. H. P. Whitney, of New York.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Lead avenue M. E. church will give a 7-cent Progressive Tea, Thursday afternoon, October 19th, at the home of Mrs. W. H. Strong, 810 West Railroad avenue.

Come in and see us and be convinced that Zeiger's Cafe is the place to get a cold bottle and free Saturday night lunch.

OVER 80,000 ACRES ALREADY SIGNED UP

HON. H. B. HOLT, OF LAS CRUCES, SAYS ELEPHANT BUTTE PROJECT IS ASSURED.

Hon. H. B. Holt, district attorney of the Third judicial district, arrived in the city this morning from Las Cruces. Mr. Holt was among the many candidates to ride the goat at the ceremonial session of the Shriners today. Mr. Holt is also president of the Rio Grande Valley Water Users' association, and reports that the work of signing up the necessary 100,000 acres of land to assure the building of the mammoth storage reservoir at Elephant Buttes, is making rapid and satisfactory progress.

"To date," stated Mr. Holt, to a reporter for The Evening Citizen, "over 80,000 acres of land have been signed up, and today a block of over 8,000 acres, owned by Frank Springer, will be added to this. We expect that within the next thirty days the remaining 28,000 acres of land will have been pledged, which will constitute the 110,000 acres that the government requires to be pledged by New Mexico land owners to be benefited by the Elephant Butte project before work will be commenced on the Engle dam."

Attorney Holt reports conditions very prosperous throughout the Mesilla valley and predicts that with a good winter, next year will be even more prosperous than the present one. He is enthusiastic about the Elephant Butte project and devotes every minute of his spare time to boosting it.

There is no pepper in Schilling's Best ginger; there is nothing wrong in Schilling's Best anything.

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Everybody says so. What? That the Zeiger Cafe puts up the best Saturday night lunch in town.

IVES, THE FLORIST, Fresh Cut Flowers.

See the window display of the Rio Grande Woolen Mills at the Globe store, then ask for those \$5.50 walking skirts.

Everybody says so. What? That the White Elephant puts up the finest free lunch in town Saturday nights.

Don't wait for an explosion—cook with gas—the humane way.

## Young Men's Suits

Most young men come here for clothes. Many of them could not be induced to go elsewhere. I take great pains in having my young men's clothes

## Just Right

The young man wants all the late style kinks, and gets them all when he comes here. The longer coat, wider collar and lapels, and the loose trousers are some of the features the young gentleman will want in evidence in his fall suit.

Young Men's Double \$7.50 to \$20.00  
Young Men's Single \$9.50 to \$20.00

The young man that has never been here for clothes will do well to come.

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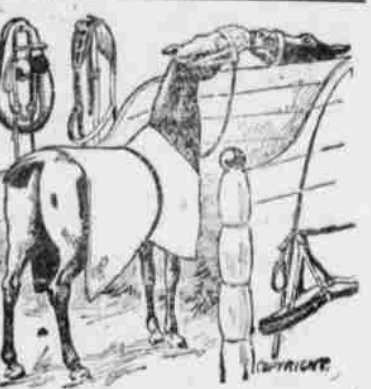
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